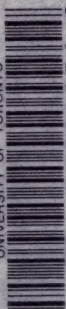


In Nature's Temple Shrines

BY

JAMES L. HUGHES

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



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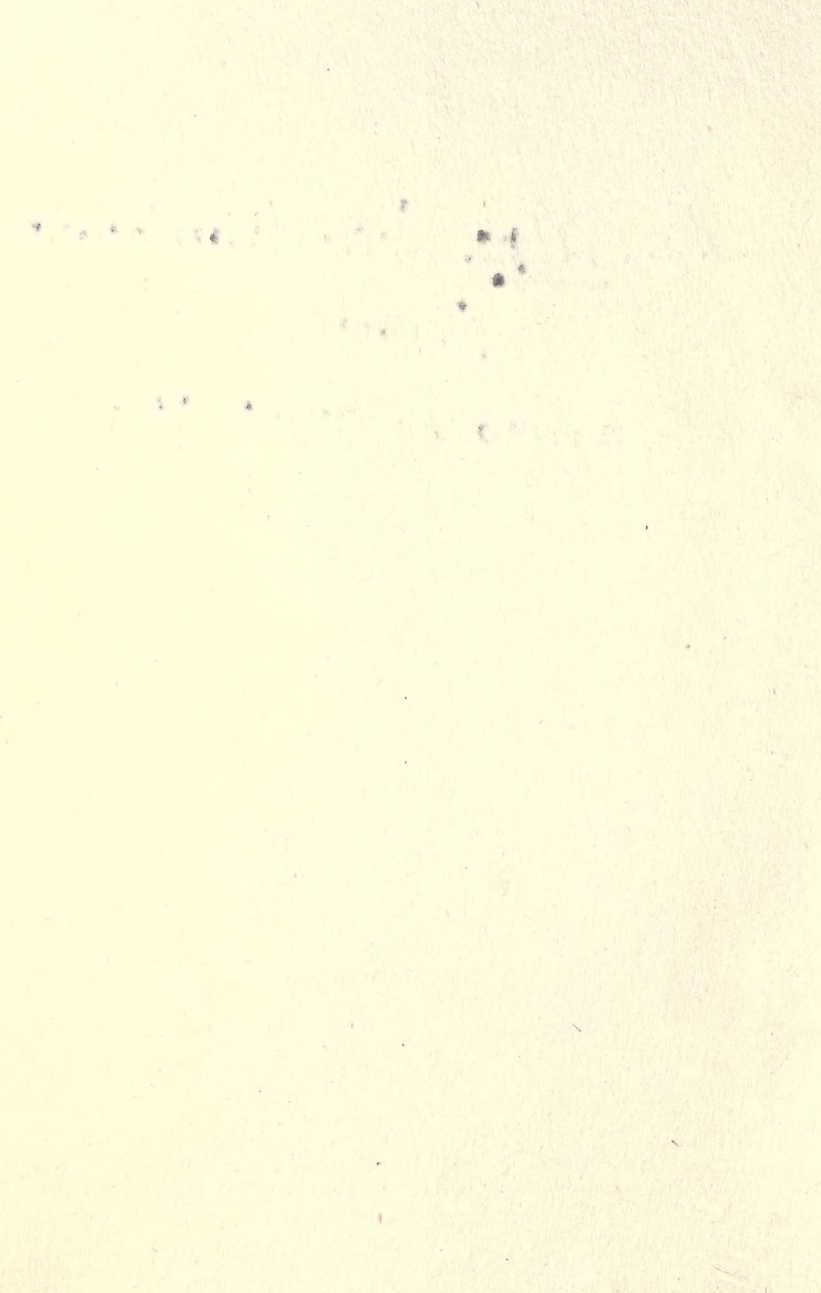


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In Nature's Temple Shrines

BY
JAMES L. HUGHES, L.L.D.

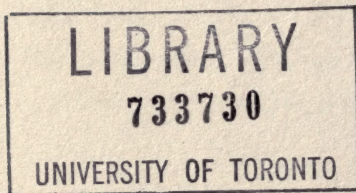
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PREFACE

ALL children who are fortunate enough to grow up close to the heart of Nature unconsciously get their souls kindled by Nature's beauties and symphonies.

One of the supreme duties of adulthood is to make it possible for all children to feel the kindling of Nature's charms in early childhood through real experiences of loving Nature, in order that their natural love for Nature may be developed into consciousness of joy and deeper feeling of the spirit of the Divine. These experiences should become dominant influences in developing the highest and truest elements of power and character in each individual soul.

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ALONE IN THE WOODS

WELL I remember that happy day
Here by the sunlit sea,
When as a boy in these grand old woods
I was with Nature free;
Waking to consciousness; hearing God;
Dreaming of years to be;
When in the depths of my waking soul
Messages came to me.

From the great heart of the universe
Music before unknown,
Sweeter than any that I had heard,
Rhythmic and rich in tone,
Flowed from the soul of all Nature's God
Freely into my own,
While I was here in this sacred place
Shut in with God alone;
And when I woke from my kindling trance,
My soul had greater grown.

Through the long years since that wondrous day,
Often in temples vast;
Temples sublime in the forests old—
Hemlocks and tall pines massed—
I have been thrilled when a still, small voice
Spells on my spirit cast,
And o'er my soul from the source of light
Visions of glory passed.

GOD IN NATURE

GOD is speaking from His mountains,
He is smiling in His flowers;
He is blessing by His sunshine
And His growth producing showers.

God is flowing in His rivers,
Pouring onward to His sea;
He is singing in His treetops,
Where His wind is blowing free.

God is glowing in His starlight;
In His dawn on eastern sky;
In His majesty and beauty,
When His clouds are floating by.

THE MASTER ARTIST

GOD can put a lot of beauty
In a little space,
Where His power of nature painting
Glorifies the place.

Two white birches on a meadow
Standing in the dawn,
Where a narrow foot-path winding
Wanders on and on,

Till we lose it in the distance,
Where the yellow glow
Turns to purple in the valley,
Where the willows grow.

Green of meadow, gold of dawning,
White of two birch trees,
Purple of the valley willows,
Teach the harmonies

Of the Master Artist's pictures—
Pictures great and small,
Till we learn to see the wondrous
Beauty in them all.

THROUGH NATURE UP TO GOD

THE soft grey moss upon a beech
Deep in the wildwood shade,
Has tones of truer harmony
Than artist ever made.

The vastness of the universe;—
The stars revolving free,
The sun, the sky, the sea, reveal
Infinity to me.

A single blue-eyed violet
Beside a purling brook,
More surely speaks of God to me,
Than any human book.

THE SONG OF THE HERMIT THRUSH

THE sun had set behind the hill,
'Twas afterglow in May:—
Far in the woods I sat and watched
The red sky turn to grey.

The light reluctant faded fast,
Sweet fragrance filled the air,
While trees and flowers their gratitude
Expressed in silent prayer.

My heart responsive felt the strange
Enchantment of the hour,
When from a distant tree top came
A song of witching power.

I cannot write the melody
That filled my soul with light,
It was a tone of tenderness,
A bird song in the night.

It may have pleaded that the glow
On western sky might stay;
It may have been a song of faith
And hope for coming day.

It may have been a strain of love
To cheer his loyal mate:—
To me it was an angel's voice
That poured from heaven's gate.

And life is sweeter for the song,
And richer for the power
Of music that entranced my soul
In that supernal hour.

And still the thrush's eve-glow song
Recalls life's best to me.
My heart's most sacred temple is
The thrush's hemlock tree.

WHENEVER

WHENEVER you see in the morning light
Dawn's glow of pink
In beauty spread over the eastern sky
Stand still and think,
Till joy in the depths of your grateful heart
Thanks God for the gift of such perfect art.

Whenever you see on the noonday sky
The sunshine's glow,
Arousing all life with its cheering call
"Awake and grow";
Think then of the Father, with love so true,
Who gives you the soul-shine of vision new.

Whenever you see on the sky a star
Gleam in the night,
Think then of the power of the Father who
Gives stars their light;
Who made all the stars and directs them yet,
And thank Him for all the great gifts you get.

NEW BEAUTY

PUSSIES on the willows,
Bird songs in the air,
Glory of the Spring time
Shining ev'rywhere.

Leaf buds all are waking
On the trees again;
Violets are blooming
In the sunny glen.

Spring, I never loved you
Quite as well before;
And I know that next year
I will love you more.

I am thankful, Father,
For more power to see
New charms in the beauty
That You send to me.

IN NATURE'S MYSTIC SILENCES

O MOSSGROWN log on which I sat
In boyhood days,
When, gently led by Nature love
Through woodland ways,
I heard the Nature spirit sing
Sweet songs of praise,
That clearer grew, like rising sun
Through morning haze.

I've lain upon you oft and looked
Up at the sky,
And through the branches saw the clouds
Float slowly by,
And felt the thrill of visions new
That never die,
And knew that Nature's vital heart
Was very nigh.

In Nature's mystic silences,
Often alone,
I've heard divinest symphonies
With kindling tone,
Come from the universal soul
Into my own;
And, when I left the woods, I knew
That I had grown.

New windows opened in my soul,
And I knew then,
That life would never be the same
To me again.
The spirit visions then revealed
Of God and men
Said "life is opportunity";
I said "Amen."

A WOODLAND PATH

I WALKED on a path in an English wood
In May;
The beautiful bluebells along the path
Were gay.

The daffodils called through their trumpet blooms
To me,
"We open our flowers for our loving friends
To see."

The hills, as they gracefully reared their heads
Were bright,
Where primroses shone in the morning sun's
Clear light.

Sweet violets peeped through the grass to cheer
My way;
The trunks of the pines had a glow of red
That day.

The tones in the distance were purple, brown
And blue;
While down through the net-work of green the sun
Looked through.

And ever the pictures I saw that day
Are mine;
Their beauty has been to my kindled soul
Divine.

GROWTH THROUGH BEAUTY

ALL that charmed by early childhood
All that in the mystic wildwood
In the flower, the sky, the tree,
Stirred responsive thrill in me;
Kindles now high inspiration;
Gives me vision clear and new;
Life reveals in close relation;
Makes all trueness seem more true.

Joy that once was admiration
For the beauty that I saw,
Now uplifts to consecration
Under universal law.
Nature now brings revelation
To my soul of life Divine,
And the heart of all creation
Beats in harmony with mine.

DRIPPING WATER TURNED TO GOLD

BEFORE us from the rock above
A silver streamlet fell,
Where oft we sat, my Jean and I,
And learned to love so well.

The silver drops were turned to gold
At evetime, when the sun
Kissed them good-bye that happy night
When Jean's first love I won.

We were not wed, yet through the years
Oft to our seat I go,
To watch the drops turn into gold,
When kissed by sunset glow.

TO AN OLD FRIEND

I 'D love to take with you, old friend,
 A walk to-day;
On snowshoes we would climb the hills
 Far, far away;
Or ride with you on country roads
 In a fine sleigh,
When twinkling stars and chiming bells,
 Made our hearts gay;
Or in the springtime, when the clouds
 Were opal grey,
In twilight in the waking woods
 With you I'd stray,

Till in the hemlock temple shrine
 We quiet stood,
And listened with our hearts in tune
 With Nature's mood,
Until we felt the sacred power
 Of solitude,
And thanked the Father who made life
 So truly good.
O! 'twould be grand to have the soul
 Of that old wood
Interpreted for me by one
 Who understood.

LAUGHING MOONLIGHT

I HAVE watched the waves of silver
Roll inward to the shore,
Till they kissed the waiting sand beach,
Then broke and were no more.

But a thousand waves would follow,
And die upon the sand;
So I asked them why they did it,
And learned to understand.

"Sir," they answered, "we are bearing
The rippling moonlight near,
That its laughter may delight you,
And fill your heart with cheer.

"Love the lake of laughing beauty
That greets you at the shore,
And, because you cannot grasp it,
Its smiles will bless you more.

"There are joys that in their passing
May not be held by you,
That live on and leave behind them
True blessings ever new."

LISTEN TO THE MUSIC

FROM day's refulgent light,
From singing stars at night,
From the blue sky above,
Floats Nature's song of love.

From brightly flashing cloud,
From peal of thunder loud,
From mountain and from main,
Booms Nature's grand refrain.

From sacred hemlock shrine,
From the tall wind-tuned pine,
From the deep temple-glen
Comes Nature's sweet Amen.

THE CHANGING CLOUDS

I LAY one Summer day
On a mossy bed,
And watched the changing forms
Of the clouds o'erhead.

The beauty of the clouds
As they sailed away,
Brought back my boyhood's dreams
On that Summer day.

On each dark cloud the sun
Shone a golden gleam,
And love shone golden light
On each boyhood dream.

HARMONY

LIST to the sweetest strains
Of bird songs in the spring,
Telling the hills and plains,
How good is everything.
And learn what I would tell,
Could I but sing as well.

Watch Nature's wondrous powers
Of life and growth in May
Make fields, and trees, and flowers
More beautiful each day;
And learn the truth, that so
We may forever grow.

We see in silent awe
The stars, the moon, the sun,
In harmony with law,
Their courses truly run;—
Law-guided, life should be
In perfect harmony.

FOR LACK OF LOVING RAIN

DYING are the leaves upon the trees,
The grass on hill and plain,
The woodland flowers, the ferns, the mosses
For lack of loving rain.

Dying are the souls of men, for lack
Of our true sympathy,
The brotherhood that kindles soul-growth,
And makes men greater be.

Rain for the trees, the flowers, the grasses;
Love for the heart of man;
Starts the true growth of power and beauty
According to God's plan.

THE TRUEST THINGS

A VAULT of stars, a silver moon,
A rock-crowned mountain by the sea,
A white cloud sailing high in June,
Gave vision new and spirit free.

A dark-eyed flower smiling bright,
A bird-song in the apple tree,
A martial drum-beat in the night,
Stirred deep, new springs of power in me.

A sacred pæan in the pine,
A rainbow resting on the hill,
The afterglow at day's decline,
Enkindled life with vital thrill.

THE TEMPLE OF DICKENS*

CARPET of ivy;
Dome of the sky;
Pillars of oak trees
Graceful and high.

Arches of branches
Twined into bowers;
Solos of wind songs;
Beauty of flowers;

Anthems of song birds,
Nature's sweet choir,
Filled his grand temple,
Him to inspire.

* Dickens bought several acres of thick woods across the road from Gadshill and called it his wilderness. In Spring, Summer and Autumn he wrote his books in his wilderness in the upper storey of the chalet presented to him by Fechter, the actor, one of his most intimate friends, with the birds singing in the branches close to him. There was no gate into the wilderness. Twenty-two steps led from his garden to a tunnel he had made under the road, and twenty-two more led up to the wilderness temple.

DREAMING IN MAY

THERE are lights in the woods
On a misty day,
When the trees and the flowers
In their colors gay
Are like beautiful dreams
Through the haze of grey.

And our lives are enriched,
As we look away
With bright dreams of new hopes
Till we stand and say:
"Thank you, Father divine,
For the dreams of May."

THE MUSIC AND BEAUTY OF THE UNIVERSE

WHEN with the universe I am in tune,
I hear the melody of tree and flower ;
And harmonies of sun, and stars, and moon,
Reveal the majesty of unseen power.

For life is music to responsive ears,
And growth is beauty to the soul's strong eye,
When hope brings vision through progressive years,
And faith paints glory on the earth and sky.

So I shall listen to the rhythmic songs
That through the universe resound for me,
And love the beauty that to me belongs,
Which with enkindling rapture I may see.

THE BIRD SONGS OF BOYHOOD

THE mating songs of loving birds
In low sweet tones divine,
Brought beauty from eve's glowing heart,
And sang it into mine.

The hopeful songs that mated birds
Sang o'er their precious nest,
Proved that by deepest happiness
Their little hearts were blest.

The triumph songs of those great days,
When baby birds were born,
Gave glory new to hill and dale
At eve and dewy morn.

REVELATIONS

T HERE are moments, when I may hear
On the land or sea
A clear message of love and hope
That was meant for me.

There are moments in forest deep
In the twilight hour,
When the wind in the lofty pines
Wakes some grand new power.

There are moments that count as years
In the growth of man;
When the curtains are drawn aside
And he sees God's plan.

There are moments, when light shines bright
Through the clouds above,
And great pictures are made on souls
By the flash of love.

So I hope that this soul of mine
May receptive be,
When the messages come from God
That will make me free.

A WINTER EVE

O N a Winter eve, when the sun sinks down,
And the sky on the west is gold,
And the bracing air makes the blood run fast,
And Jack Frost makes it nipping cold,

Let us take a walk in the gloaming time
Far away to the pine-crowned height;
We will stand and look in the grand old woods
Through the trees at the golden light.

And we'll hear the wonderful anthems there
That are sung by the Winter breeze,
As it wakens the musical fairy birds
In the tops of the tall pine trees.

Then we'll silent walk, when the night comes down,
And stars ope their eyes on high,
And we'll thank the Father for pine tree song,
And the gold on the Western sky.

The rare glory that sings in our deepest hearts
Will sing on through the coming years;
And we'll hear new songs, as our hearts are tuned
To the melodies of the spheres.

INFINITY

THERE is more beauty in a tree or flower
Than human eye may ever hope to see,
There is a message in an April shower
Too deep to fully be revealed to me.

There is deep mystery in afterglow,
In rising sun, in ocean's mighty roll,
In shooting star, in changing moon; I know
Their mystery in part, but not the whole.

But as each day I look I always see
More beauty, and the mysteries grow clear;
Soul vision widens, till infinity
Seems but an endless growth beginning here.

I KNOW A PATH

I KNOW a path through open woods,
Where sweet wild flowers
Are ever blooming, when I walk
In Spring's bright hours;
And, as I pass they smile, and say,
"We smile to cheer you on your way."

The path leads onward to a hill,
Where oft in May
I stand alone upon the height,
And look away
Across the meadows to the lake
To see the dreaming world awake.

Stirred into stronger, richer growth
By sun and shower,
New beauty I behold each day
On tree and flower,
And marvel at the majesty
Of Nature's power,
Till vision sets my spirit free
And vital soul-growth kindles me.

LOOK OUT OF YOUR WINDOW

LOOK out of your window and see
The beautiful world and sky,
The trees, and the flowers and the clouds,
The sea and the mountains high.

Then close up your eyes for a while,
And think of the things you've seen;
The mountains with crowns of clear ice,
The grass that is fresh and green,

The flowers on the meadows, the streams,
The ships on the glassy sea,
The trees, and the hills, and the clouds,
And say, "God made all for me."

And when all your work has been done,
Sit down at the window again,
And fill with fresh beauty your life,
And say, "Thank you, Father" then.

EVENING

L OVINGLY lingered the fading light,
Tenderly kissing each tree and flower,
Whispering softly a fond "good night,"
Promising joy for the morning hour.

Silently then in the woodland deep,
Wistfully watching the opal west,
Nature prepared for her needed sleep,
Welcoming gladly the time of rest.

Over me far in the forest glen
Motherly arms of the hemlocks spread;
Peace filled my heart, as I listened then,
Reverently to the prayers they said.

After the prayer came the evensong
Sung by a thrush on a grand old oak;—
Thrilled by its melody sweet and strong,
Up in the sky all the stars awoke.

GOD'S MESSAGE THROUGH BEAUTY

Each flower we see this message brings
From God in June,
To those who listen to its song
With hearts in tune:—
“Learn to love beauty, then you’ll be
Each day more beautiful to Me.”

Let beauty on the earth and sky
Do its high part
By kindling purest beauty in
Your deepest heart;
A vital lesson great and true,
Kind Nature brings each day for you.

The sordid things of earth destroy
Man’s spirit power.
But spirit growth springs in our souls
From each sweet flower.
From blade of grass, from mountain high,
From gleaming star on midnight sky.

FLOWERS NEAR THE MOUNTAIN CREST

GOD made the mountains grand and high,
He made the fair flowers, too;
The rocks, the rivers and the sky,
All beautiful for you.

Here on the rock these sweet flowers grow
To deck the craggy height;
Far up the mountain, near the snow,
They make the world more bright.

Your own sweet smiles may make new flowers
Grow bright in some sad heart;
And help some poor, discouraged one
To truly do his part.



APRIL BEECHES

DEAR April beeches, 'neath your arms
My heart with kindling fervor warms.
Upon the waking sod I stand,
White violets on either hand,
And looking through your tracery
The clear blue cloudless sky I see.
To Nature's soul in sympathy
My soul responds, and I grow free;
New vision power comes to me
That sees beyond life's mystery,
The end of infidelity,
The hope of immortality,
The wideness of infinity,
The glory of Divinity.

I CANNOT LOSE THE RAPTURE

I CANNOT lose the rapture
The bird song brought to me,
With its enchanting sweetness
And note of mystery.

I cannot lose the music,
When winds through the tall pine
Brought the heart song of Nature,
And poured it into mine.

I cannot lose the glory
Of waking life at dawn,
Nor the transcendent beauty
Of sky, when day is gone.

I cannot lose the grandeur
That thrilled me with delight,
When first I saw the mountains
Rise in majestic height.

I cannot lose the splendor
Of moonlight on the sea,
Turning to gold the wave crests,
As on they rolled to me.

I cannot lose the message
Of that great vital hour
That kindled in the gloaming
New faith, new hope, new power.

THE SONG OF THE WATERFALL

THE spring poured out its waters clear
Beside the big brown stone;
Its stream ran through the meadow green,
And often, when alone,
I followed it to woodland deep
To watch it o'er the grey rocks leap.

I loved with ferns and flowers to sit
To see their beauty grow,
And hear the song the leaping stream
Sang on the rocks below;
A song well suited to my mood
Alone with God in His grand wood.

And sometimes far away I heard
The blue jay's merry call
Resounding through the woods beyond
The singing waterfall;
Then bird and stream awoke in me
The joy of Nature's harmony.

SUNRISE THROUGH THE MIST

AN April dawn should fill the soul
With joy supreme,
When on the eastern sky appears
Its first red gleam.

Then over all the vaulted sky
A faint blush spreads,
And soon above the haze the trees
Lift up their heads,

Till through the disappearing mist,
More and more clear,
In dresses red and olive green
Their forms appear.

Still brighter shines the sun's red glow
Until the dawn
Illumines sky, and earth, and sea,
And night has gone.

Enraptured, silently we gaze,
Till the red sun
Shows his round face to tell the world
Day has begun.

Then home we go, our souls aglow
With gratitude,
For Nature's kindling beauty-power
To make life good.

SKIES

A WAY in the east in the early dawn
I see the grey mists, as the sun shines through,
But soon from the valley the mists have gone,
And all the wide sky is an arch of blue;
Till over the blue in the golden noon
I watch the cloud fairies go floating by,
And dream, as I lie on the hill in June;—
The sky of the past is a radiant sky.

The sky of the present is often grey,
And sometimes is darkened by rolling cloud,
When shadows of sorrow obscure my way,
And terror is roused by the thunder loud;
But darkness soon passes, and skies grow clear,
And life with new glory is kindled then;
And rainbows of hope on the mountains cheer
My heart, as I start for the crest again.

My sky of the future is ever bright
With faith in the growth of the coming years,
When vision achieved for the true and right
Shall moisten my eyes with exultant tears:—
And ever the brightest my life can know
I feel in my heart, as the sun goes down,
And through the tall hemlocks the afterglow
Shines yellow, and purple, and red, and brown.

EVENING IN THE HIGHLANDS

THE placid lake at eventime
Reflects the glory of the sky
Beyond the mountains, as the sun
Smiles sweetly, when he says "Good-bye."

The heathered mountains catch the smile,
Reflecting it in purple light,
While trees and rocks in varied tints
Unite to bid the sun "Good night."

With heart responsive to the glow
The shepherd guides his sheep to rest,
Takes a long look at Nature's charms
And stores the glory in his breast.

NATURE'S MESSAGES

THE flowers bring messages of love
To make me true;
The birds sing songs of happiness
Forever new.

The winds bear melodies of joy
For days to be,
And whisper them to waving pines
For you and me.

The sun, the moon, the twinkling stars,
Shine out their light
That they may help to bless the world
And make life bright.

The things I see, the things I hear,
On earth and sky,
Say "Help to make all hearts more glad,"
And so I'll try.

MY HEMLOCKS

RUGGED you stood near the crown of the hill;
Long in your shadows I sat by the stream
Reverently, till I felt a new thrill
Sweep through my heart, and awoke from my
dream.

“Hemlocks, I love you,” I said. I still hear
Winds singing softly your answer to me;
Down through your branches your love-song comes clear,
Promising ever my lover to be.

In my great temple of mystical joy
You were the pillars, and under your arms
Life revelations were brought to the boy,
Rich in rare beauty and hallowing charms.

I did not know I was worshipping there;
I was not conscious of power Divine;
I sang no anthems; I uttered no prayer;
But a new spirit gave vision to mine.

In your wide aisles, I first felt the warm glow
Of my deep heart love responding through you
To the true heart throb of Nature; and lo!
All the wide universe more vital grew.

Sacred your temple forever will be;
Thrilled by your love spell my heart kindles yet;
Memory brings back your magic to me;
Hemlocks, I love you! I'll never forget.

IN SWITZERLAND

A CROSS the valley miles away
Upon the mountain heights,
The glaciers in the setting sun
Glow with a thousand lights,

Of opal, yellow, purple, red,
In changing glory there,
That with transcendent forcefulness
Great Nature's powers declare.

A hundred streams in joy leap o'er
The mountains' granite walls,
And pour their crystal torrents down
In foaming waterfalls.

Entranced I sat in silent awe,
Shut in by majesty
Of mountain tops with crystal crowns;
Till deep humility

Filled all my soul. I meekly said
How small and weak am I
Compared with those imposing heights
That reach the vaulted sky.

And then a clearer message came
In that great epoch hour;
That in God's image I was made,
And I may share His power.

Great is the glory I behold,
But greater far is mine;
Eternal hills have majesty,
But I have power divine.

Man weighs the mountains, counts the stars,
And learns the primal cause
Of Nature's mysteries, and solves
Her universal laws.

I thank Him for the majesty
And beauty I can see,
But thank Him more because He planned
That I should ever be
His deputy to do His will
That He reveals to me.

FLOWERS BLOOMING OVER HIGH GARDEN
WALLS

BEAUTIFUL blooms of the garden
Shut from the passers by,
Nobly you struggled to reach up
Over the walls so high,

Out of the shadows around you
Into the sun's warm glow,
That you might win greater beauty;
Faith gave you power to grow.

Thank you for climbing to greet me
With each fair face alight,
Filling my heart with new hope-shine,
Making the world more bright.

MY RIVER

CLEAR was the spring in the pasture field
Close to the foot of the tall elm tree,
Source of my river a half-yard wide;
Wonderful river it was to me.

Far to the heart of the woods it ran;
Often I followed it there alone,
Daring to go with a throbbing heart
Into the depths of the great unknown.

Barefoot and hatless I worked all day,
Changing its course with my wooden spade;
Building a bridge, or a water wheel;
Sailing my ships on the lakes I made.

Mine were great visions of power to plan;
Mine were the joys of achievement, too;
Mine were the glories of earth and sky;
Mine was a wonderful world all new.

Back to the farm as a man I went;
River, and spring, and tall elm, had gone;
But all they started to grow in me,
Vision, and power, and joy, live on.

PANSIES

O PANSIES sweet beside my path
That smile at me!
Fond memories of childhood come,
When you I see.

Again I am a little child
At mother's side,
And hear her speaking to her flowers
With loving pride.

I see her as she stood beside
Her pansy bed,
And told me how she loved them, as
She stroked my head.

FROM DAWN TO DARK

I LOVE the vital glow of dawn
And song of lark;
When light's triumphant majesty
Shines out the dark;
When softly out of grateful hearts
Each flower and tree,
Of joy and peace, and greater growth
Whispers to me.

I love the happy, busy hours
Throughout the day;
When in the sunlight men may work,
And children play;
When by achievement of his plans
Man learns to see
New visions of a higher life,
And thus grow free.

I love the sunset, when the light
Paints its good-bye
In colors of exultant hope
Across the sky
So grandly, that all nature turns
To see the west,
And life in all its varied forms
Prepares to rest.

SPRING'S FAIRYLAND

WHEN the Nature fairies awake the woods
In the Spring to beauty; when
All the ferns unfold; and the violets
And the lilies bloom again;
And the mosses spread a new bed of green
On the grey rocks in the glen;

When hepaticas on the sunny slope
Near the glen begin to grow;
And the hawthorn trees o'er their branches wide,
Spread their clusters white as snow;
And wake-robins red and spring beauties pink
From the moist earth start below;

When the leaf buds open on all the trees,
And the birds begin to sing
Their first songs of love, and the breezes soft
From the hills sweet perfumes bring;
Then my soul awakes with a vital thrill
In the fairy-land of Spring.

SUMMER'S FAIRYLAND

HIGH hills with hemlock temples crowned
And meadows wide between;
A crystal stream that seeks the lake
And marks its course with green;

A bower o'erhung with clematis,
Where oft I sit awhile
To see fair flowers—the marguerites
And black-eyed-Susans smile,

While overhead majestic clouds
Float slowly on their way;
These make the Summer fairyland,
Where happy lovers stray.

AUTUMN'S FAIRYLAND

HIGH on the mountain's lofty crest
The red-crowned maples stand
Beyond the lake whose waters calm
Reflect the colors grand.

In golden tints the birches shine;
The oaks in brown are dressed;
While ash trees tall and willows choose
The olive greens as best.

In my canoe at eve I sit,
The sun is sinking low
And o'er the many-colored trees
I see the afterglow.

The opals, purples, yellows, reds,
Upon the sky are bright,
As from the Autumn fairyland
I bid the sun good-night.

WINTER'S FAIRYLAND

IN grand old woods the Winter rain
Had frozen on the trees,
And diamonds on ev'ry branch
Shone brightly in the breeze.

In the pale moon's enchanting light
Tall grasses in the glen,
Low bushes, and the withered ferns
Changed into fairies then.

Each fairy's dress was opalesque,
Each tree had beauty grand;
Long, long I stood enraptured there
In Winter's fairyland.

WHEN NATURE WHISPERS HOPE AND FAITH

IN morning in the early spring
I love to go
Out to the country woods before
The wild flowers grow ;

When only faintly through the mists,
The sun smiles through
To wake the sleeping world again
To life anew ;

When mossy banks begin to wear
Light tints of green ;
And pussy willows dress in fur
In the ravine ;

When I can hear the happy birds
Their sweet songs sing,
To say farewell to Winter cold,
And welcome Spring ;

When looking upward through the trees
Red buds I see
That promise, when I come again,
Green leaves to be ;
And Nature whispers joyous hope
And faith to me.

REAL FAITH

WHEN truth grows clearer in my mind,
And vision grows more bright,
I know the Father has revealed
To me a stronger light.

When beauty captivates my soul,
And fills it with delight,
I have a closer unity
With God upon the height.

When true, unselfish love of man
Leads me kind deeds to do,
A greater love grows in my heart
For God, the Father, too.

When I achieve a victory
O'er evil for the right,
I know I am in partnership
With God, and share His might.

Truth, beauty, love and power, are all
Revealing God to me;
If I accept their messages,
More like Him I will be.

JOYOUS AWAKENING

FROM the clear sky the sun
Calls to the flowers;—
Wake up and bloom, each one;
April's warm showers
Watered your roots, and May
Waits your return to-day.

Fondly the balmy breeze
Whispers to you,
And your old friends, the trees,
In dresses new,
Long for your faces bright
To fill their hearts with light.

White thorn, and sweet wild plum
Are waking too,
Hoping that you will come
Your part to do;—
Song sparrows loudly sing:
"Unfold your blooms, 'tis Spring."

Answered the wild flowers then:
"Gladly we bring
Beauty—our best—again;
Let joy-bells ring
In human hearts to-day
To welcome smiling May."

BIRD SONGS IN EARLY SPRING

THROUGH haze of blue the leafless trees
Stand hopefully in Spring,
And on their branching arms the birds
Begin their songs to sing.

Bright cheering dreams of waking buds
That will the trees adorn,
They sing with joy from tuneful throats
To greet the welcome morn.

High on the topmost branches poised,
They wait the sun to greet,
And in exultant melodies
They sing "All life is sweet."

When opal, yellow, red unite
To glorify the west,
Fond songs of love they softly sing
Before they go to rest.

All girls and boys should learn the songs
Of birds in early Spring,
For joy, and hope, and faith, and love,
Are messages they bring.

THE POOL, AND THE DAISIES

I HAVE seen the blue lakes of Switzerland
Lit up by the sunset glow;
They are beautiful dreams in memory,
But to-day I long to go
To the shady pool, where I used to sit
With Charlie, and Dick and Joe.

I have walked alone in the English woods,
Where the fairest flowers grow;
But I long to see the white daisies nod,
When the soft June breezes blow
O'er the meadow field, where I used to walk
With Charlie, and Dick and Joe.

The Swiss mountain lakes and the English woods
Have beauty divine, I know,
But the shady pool and the daisies white
On the meadow long ago,
Are a part of me, and they share my heart
With Charlie, and Dick and Joe.

MAY

FAR from this tree crowned hill top
Visions of growth I see;
Green blades of hope on wheat field!
Green leaves of joy on tree!

Glory of bloom-full orchards!
Life bursting forth anew!
Music of wind and song bird!
Sunshine on lake so blue!

Deep in my heart the glory
Lights up my truest life,
Driving away the shadows,
Healing the scars of strife.

Starting in Life's great garden
Bloom of the sweetest flowers;
Sowing in Life's wide wheatfields
Seeds of my highest powers.

THE WINTER WOODS

O THE joys in the grand old woods
On a Winter day,
Drawing wood for the big hearth-fire
With a two-horse sleigh!

O, the light, when the western sky
Sends its soft red glow
Floating down through the trees to rest
On the tinted snow!

O, the music that stirs our souls
With sweet melodies
That are played by the Winter winds
On the leafless trees!

O, the silences of the woods
That are so profound,
We can dream that we hear afar
A golden harp's sweet sound!

O, to be for a single day
In the woods once more
Just to feel Nature's deep, pure joys
As in days of yore!

And to see all its beauty rare
Cover Nature o'er;
And be kindled by Nature's thoughts
That she keeps in store!

THE HIGHEST LOVE OF NATURE

I LOVE the ocean with rolling tide,
And its sister wind so free;
I love the river that grows more wide
As it flows to greet the sea.

I love the mountain that lifts its crest
In its majesty so high,
But what I love above all the rest
Is the glow of sunset sky.

For sky and cloud send a spirit dream
That uplifts this soul of mine,
And brings a light of supernal gleam
That reveals the life Divine.

FLOWERS ON THE SAND DUNES

SAND dunes for miles unfit to grow
Food for mankind to eat;
Coarse grass and stunted shrubs grow there,
And flowers, too, rare and sweet.

The clouds upon the western sky
Above the barren land,
At eve blush, when the sun goes down,
With beauty truly grand.

Each part of God's creation has
Rare beauty of its own;
Each life should give the world new joy
Revealed by it alone.

PICTURES OF MEMORY

A WHITE boat on the lake
Blown by the breeze;
A red glow on the sky
Through stately trees;
A sunlit hill beside
A golden sea;
Recall sweet dreams to me
In memory.

Sweet dreams of long ago
In boyhood days,
When from the hillside farm
I used to gaze
Through my loved hemlock trees
O'er lake so blue,
To see the dawn's red sky
Make pictures new.

Deep in my memory
Those pictures still
Have kindling beauty as,
When from the hill
I saw the waking morn
So long ago,
And rapture filled my soul
In dawntime glow.

THE AWAKING THRILL

O I LONG to walk on a country road,
When the skies are blue, and the meadows green;
When the air is sweet with the breath of Spring,
And the daisies white on the fields are seen.

When the rolling hills and the valleys wide
From their sleep awake, and rejoice to know
That again the grass and the sweet wild flowers
On their warm wide breasts have begun to grow.

When the birds sing songs of triumphant joy
To their loving mates in the blooming trees;
And my heart responds to their melodies
And my mind recalls life's best memories.

The awaking thrill of all glad new things,
Fills my soul with hope, and with vision clear
Of new paths that lead to life's highest joys,
So I rise and climb with fresh faith and cheer.

A FIELD OF JUNE FLOWERS

O THE glory of a field
Of blooming flowers!
Brilliant messages of God
To show His powers.

Color, form and harmony
Delight the heart;
Far beyond man's highest skill
In Nature's art.

Just a single meadow flower
Can teach the whole
Unity of Life to an
Awakened soul.

Universal unity
Revealing God,
Makes the earth a sacred place,
Where He has trod.

In His paths each one may walk,
And gain new power
In his soul from waking buds
On tree and flower.

Skeptic science boasting loud
Of what it knows,
Stands confounded by the bloom
Of briar rose.

BIRD FRIENDS

THE birds were friends of mine,
When, as a little boy,
I listened with delight
To their sweet songs of joy.

I heard their rapture songs
In blooming May and June,
When all in concert sang
Love's most entrancing tune.

Deep in my heart I keep
Those songs of highest joy
They sang at morn and eve,
When I was but a boy.

THE KINDLING POWER OF LOVE

BEAUTY of leaf on the waving trees!
Beauty of bloom on the sweet spring flowers!
Tell me, in music of balmy breeze,
Whence comes the glory of woodland bowers?

"Deep in our hearts all our beauty lay,"
Answered the trees and the flowers to me,
"Till it awoke at the call of May;
Till by the spirit of life set free."

Beautiful thoughts in our hearts lie, too,
Waiting the message of love, and then
Beauty of life in our souls grows true,
Blooming in deeds for our fellow men.

PEACH BLOOM

YONDER haze of peach-bloom pink
Teaches man,
Nature far outshines in power
His best plan.

Beauty rare divinely sweet
In its heart
Has a vital life beyond
Human art.

Bloom produces luscious fruit
Which, when grown,
Has within its deepest heart
One small stone,

Which contains in vital form
Life and power,
That in future years will be
Tree and flower,

Reproducing through the years
Other trees,
Till the fleeting years become
Centuries.

God alone could give such power;
He alone
Can give man creative power
Like His own.

SUNSHINE IN AUTUMN

THE yellow glow makes tree trunks shine,
And lights the hemlock and the pine,
While up on high
The lace-like branches of the trees
Design new patterns in the breeze
That passes by.

The Autumn tints in harmony
New love of beauty bring to me
That gives new joy;
The shadows in the quiet pool
Remind me of my life at school
When as a boy,

Beside the swimming pool I lay,
And looked up at the clouds away
Above so high,
And dreamed that they were floating ships
To carry fairies on their trips
Across the sky.

TESTS OF COMRADESHIP

LOVE ye the children at play?
Love ye the stars and the moon?
Love ye the flowers in May?
Love ye the woodland in June?

Love ye the hawthorn in bloom?
Love ye the tall hemlock tree?
Love ye the clover's perfume?
Love ye the rock-bordered sea?

Love ye the path by the stream?
Love ye the ferns in the glen?
Love ye in twilight to dream
Childhood's days over again?

Love ye the morn's rosy light?
Love ye the eve's afterglow?
Love ye the birdsong at night?
Love ye the river's swift flow?

Love ye the mountains so high?
Love ye the wind in the pine?
Love ye the clouds on the sky?
Comrade are ye then of mine.

AUTUMN BEAUTY

FERN, and grass, and river, and tree;
Each in Autumn brings joy to me,
Each has beauty I love to see.

"Autumn tells you of death," you say,
"Leaves have fallen and passed away;
Ferns and grasses will soon decay."

Ferns, and trees, and the river grass,
Grow more beautiful as they pass.
Why should we mourn and say "Alas"?

Death is rest, is the lesson clear,
Nature teaches, when leaves grow sere;
Nature's lesson should give us cheer.

Autumn's trees on the river's breast
Form bright pictures in beauty drest;
We should keep in our hearts the best—
But the *best* of those now at rest.

A BIRD SONG AT NIGHT

THE sun had set behind the hill,
'Twas afterglow in May :—
Far in the woods I sat and watched
The red sky turn to grey.

The light reluctant faded fast,
Sweet fragrance filled the air,
While trees and flowers their gratitude
Expressed in silent prayer.

My heart responsive felt the strange
Enchantment of the hour,
When from a distant tree top came
A song of witching power.

I cannot write the melody
That filled my soul with light,
It was a tone of tenderness,
A bird song in the night.

INDIAN SUMMER

THE Autumn leaves have fallen down,
And carpeted the woods with brown.
I'll spend the day
Deep in the woods. Beside the stream
I'll sit upon its bank, and dream
The hours away.

I'll feel the spell of Nature's charms,
And, as imagination warms,
I'll see the light;
The music of the stream will wake
New thoughts, and visions clear will make
Life's hopes more bright.

The browns and greens in harmony,
Will teach me Nature's unity,
And, more than this;
The unity of God and man
In harmony with His wise plan
For human bliss.

My epoch days will live again;
Youth will return as free, as when
I was a boy;
My life will pass in grand review,
And loving friends I found most true,
Will bring me joy.

The woodland spirit will teach me
Great messages to make me free
To find life's best,
And gain new vision power to show
My pathway, till I see the glow
Upon life's crest.

AUTUMN GLORY

LEAVES on the maple trees
Yellow and red,
Hang in rare beauty there
High overhead.

Some, when their work is done,
Fall floating down,
Making a carpet there,
Red, yellow, brown.

There we will walk to find
A quiet seat;
Rustling the fallen leaves
Under our feet.

There we will see the blue
Peep through the trees,
And the bright leaf-birds fly
Off with the breeze.

There in the solitude
We'll sit and dream,
Till in our hearts we feel
Glory supreme.

Then, when our hearts are full
Of Nature's glow,
Happy, when eve-time comes
Home we will go;

And on the bridge we'll stand
To see the stream
On its calm breast reflect
The sky's red gleam.

ICE CROWNED MOUNTAINS

I SEE across the valley wide
Upon each mountain height,
Resplendent crowns of crystal ice;
Red opals shining bright.

O, mountain heights! O, rugged peaks!
Far as my eyes can see
Your rock cliffs rising to the sky
Teach majesty to me.

And for a moment consciousness
Of littleness I feel,
But deeper thought and vision true
A grander view reveal,

Which proves that He who made the world
Gave me creative power
To be His partner, and to be
More like Him ev'ry hour.

I thank Him for His mountain crests,
His stars, His flowers, His trees,
His oceans, and His sky; but I
Am greater far than these.

They are His messengers to me
To teach His grand design;
That I may be His partner, and
May share His power divine.

Yea, more, they teach that He will be
My partner, if I'm true,
And give each day achieving power,
And show me visions new.

TO MY GRAND-DAUGHTER

I M glad you love the flowers
In girlhood's happy hours,
And songs of singing birds,
That even without words
Float on the balmy breeze
In May from all the trees,
In melody so clear
To fill our hearts with cheer.

Beauty and music, too,
Are ev'ry day near you,
To make your life more sweet
And happiness complete.
Search for the beauty near;
Listen to music's cheer;
Love flowers and birds, and you
Will grow to be more true.

THE CALL OF APPLE BLOOMS

THEY call me to the apple tree,
Upon the old hill farm,
Where Nature first revealed to me
Her beauty and her charm.

Beneath that tree in blooming time,
I sat on mother's knee,
Close folded in her loving arms,
And learned her love for me.

And, through the clustered apple blooms,
My mother dear, and I,
With gratitude for happiness,
Looked at the clear blue sky.

The tuneful songs of happy birds,
Made music sweet for me,
Until I learned with all my heart
To love my apple tree.

So, when I see the apple blooms,
My heart is filled with joy;
We stand again 'neath the old tree—
Dear mother and her boy.

MOTHER'S BOUQUET

JUST one sweet little violet
Beside the meadow stream,
Smiling at me from grassy bed,
Kindles a happy dream

Of days when I, a barefoot boy,
In May wound meadow rue
Around a bunch of violets
With eyes of deepest blue,

And took them to my mother dear.
Still in my dreams I see
Her smiles of thankfulness, and feel
The kisses she gave me.

SKATING

O COME for a skate on the river with me!
And we will be happy, as happy can be.
We'll glide like the waves on the breast of the sea,
When winds in the Summer blow steady and free.

We'll watch the sun setting below the sea line,
And skate in the afterglow till the stars shine,
And see the moon rising above the tall pine;
And I'll be so happy with your hand in mine.

As swiftly as birds o'er the ice we will go,
Far, far past the bend of the river below;
Our hearts will beat strongly, and make our blood flow;
Our cheeks will grow red with a fine healthy glow.

The beauty around us will give us delight;
Each turn in the river reveals a new sight;
The views will be grand in the moon's silver light;
That lovingly shines through the trees on the height.

TROPIC LANDS

I N tropic lands, where days are warm,
And skies are clear,
And lovely flowers in beauty bloom
Through all the year,
Where luscious fruits in plenty hang
Upon the trees;
And from the ocean waters comes
The cool sea breeze;
Where mountains raise their lofty heads
Up from the sea;
A happy earthly paradise
It seems to be.

In our own great Canadian land
So wide and free,
We, too, have blessings, and our hearts
Should happy be.
'Tis pleasant in the tropic lands
To take a rest,
But still our dear Canadian homes
We love the best.

MAY! BEAUTIFUL MAY!

MAY, May, beautiful May!
The month of blooming trees;
Month of the songs of birds
That glorify the breeze.

Blossoms on orchard trees,
The sweetest of the year,
Filling our hearts with joy
Are sent from heaven here.

Pure are the visions new
That come to us, as we
Look at the beauty spread
Upon each apple tree

To kindle souls with light,
The light of love divine,
That if our lives be true
Forevermore will shine.

Day-dreams of hours I spent
In boyhood on the farm,
When sunshine lit the apple trees,
Can never lose their charm.

YOUR LIFE WILL BE RICHER

THE snow has been falling the whole long day,
It covers the fields with a blanket white,
But now it has ceased, and the western sky,
Is smiling in tints of the eve-glow bright.

Fond mother says, "Dear, get your snow-shoes on,
And walk to the hills in the clear, pure air,,
To get a wide view of the earth and sky,
And into your soul take the beauty rare.

"The beauty you see when a little girl,
Will shine in your heart, until you are old;
And bring to your life as the years go by,
New beauty and joy as your powers unfold.

"Your life will be richer because you see
The beauty of flowers and of hill-top view,
And all the rare beauty that Nature brings
In changes of seasons the whole year through."

THE AUTUMN COLORED MOUNTAINS

IN AUTUMN time the mountain's sides
Adorned by colors bright
In Nature's perfect harmony
Form earth's sublimest sight.
Two thousand feet of stately pines
Begin the mountain height,
With flaming torches mid the green
Of poplar's yellow light.

Two thousand feet of maples red
Rise o'er the belt of pine;
A thousand feet of rock above
Make perfect God's design.
Red rock and grey with snow-clad crests
In sunset glory shine,
Till mountain top and tinted cloud
In majesty combine,
And in enkindled souls we feel
That beauty is divine.

APPLERINGIE*

FROM a friend there comes a symbol
Of his friendship true to me;
Pledge of friendship in the present,
And in all the days to be.

From a friend he had received it
In life's sacred morning time;
Message of enduring friendship
Stronger grown in manhood's prime.

Double friendship thus it brought me
From my friend and his friend, too;
Double kindling power possessing
It should make me doubly true.

'Twas a spray of applingie.
It was old and faded, too,
But it brought me back my mother,
With her loving eyes so blue,

Till I saw her in her garden,
Where her applingie grew,
As she stood to smell its perfume,
When the world to me was new.

I could see her smile so radiant,
As she turned to kiss her boy;
And the glory of the vision
Filled my grateful heart with joy.

So uniting friend with mother,
Appleringie, I'll keep you,
Symbol of life's richest treasures;
Friendship fond, love ever true.

* Appleringie is the Scotch name for the southern-wood or "old man" of early Canadian gardens.

WRITTEN IN A BOOK ABOUT FLOWERS

The matchless beauty of the flowers
Should fill your life and mine
With joy, and purity, and love;
For beauty is divine.

NATURE'S RESPONSE TO LOVE

COME to the woods with me,
May time is here,
Flower and blooming tree
Bring Heaven near.

Here in this quiet nook
Under the beech,
Out of her wondrous book
Let Nature teach.

Open your heart and feel
Her heart's love-glow,
Deep in your heart reveal
Power to grow,

Power to find the best
That life can give;
To see, to do, to rest,
And truly live.

A TRULY RELIGIOUS SERVICE

A LITTLE fair-haired four-year-old
Sat in the woods one day in June;
She watched the waking ferns unfold;
She listened to the robin's tune.

She heard the buzzing of the bees;
She whispered to the smiling flowers;
She learned the wind song in the trees;
So passed the happy morning hours.

She came at length out from the wood,
And, looking past the clouds o'erhead,
Serenely sure that life is good,
"Oh, thank you, God," she sweetly said.

REAL RICHES

I HAVE mountain peaks that stand up grandly high,
I have sunsets full of glory on the sky,
I have beaches washed by ocean's rolling tide,
I have avenues along the river's side,
I have wildwoods filled with rarest ferns and flowers,
I have song birds singing sweetly in the bowers,
I have apple blossoms smiling on my trees,
I have clover fields of sweetness for my bees,
I have hawthorn trees that love me in the glen,
I have hemlocks that still call "Come back again,"
I have pathways where I wander free from care,
I am just a happy, hopeful millionaire.

ABOVE THE CLOUDS WITH YOU

YOU stand beside me on the mountain crest;
The ice peaks yonder catch the radiant glow
Of sunset beauty in the golden west,
And paint it on the limpid lake below.
I dream that you are here to share my view;
I am above the clouds along with you.

Sit here with me and watch the distant heights
Blush pink and purple, as the sun goes down,
While far below a thousand gleaming lights
Reveal the outline of the busy town.
Come live the happy days of youth anew,
Till hope grows strong above the clouds with you.

And, when in vaulted sky the bright stars shine,
Visions will come of grander heights to climb;
Into our lives will shine a light Divine
Revealing service to make life sublime,
For on the mountain top all life seems true
Above the clouds along with God and you.

JUNE

WAVING fields of growing corn,
Sweet white blossoms on the thorn,
Briar roses on the hill,
Violets below the mill,
Meadow-sweet beside the stream,
Dark-eyed coneflowers' yellow gleam,
Fern fronds filling all the glen,
Matchless blue on sky again,
Forests rich in stately trees,
Clover perfume on the breeze,
Bird songs floating in the air,
Beauty, glory ev'rywhere;—
Earth and sky in joy combine,
And their best is truly mine,
If I keep my heart in tune
With the universe in June.

SNOW AT CHRISTMAS

AGAINST the blue of Winter's sky,
Small spots of light,
The snowflakes floated in the air
Like fairies bright,
To cover all the fields and trees
With dresses white,
And fill the hearts of girls and boys
With pure delight.

O! now, said they, we'll have great fun
For holidays;
In moonlight down the snow-clad hills
We'll ride on sleighs,
Or on our snowshoes we will walk
Through woodland ways,
Then in the eve glow we'll come home
To fireside blaze.

Around the hearth fire we will sit,
Hearts full of cheer,
And tell of all we saw and did
To parents dear,
And say we love each Christmas day
And glad New Year
For all the happiness they bring—
With love sincere.

CAROL TO HER MOTHER

O MOTHER! Let us take a walk,
The flowers again are here;
All through the woods they smile at me,
As I am passing near;
I think they are more beautiful
Than when they came last year.

I'd like to take a walk to-day
Down to the pond with you,
To see the tall and graceful flowers
That in the water grew.
And held so proudly up their heads
That were so large and blue.

Their roots live on, so in the spring
They grew up fresh and new;
I wish sometimes their flowers were red
Instead of blue;
But then I think the Father knows
What is the best to do;
I'm sure He loves His pretty flowers,
So I will love them, too.

DAY DREAMS

THE hills seem smaller now than then,
My river is a stream,
But still I see it as I sat
Upon its banks to dream.

Great dreams I had of work to do
That filled my heart with joy;
And life has made some dreams come true
That thrilled me when a boy.

How often fondest memories
Pass in a grand review
Of girls and boys, dear early friends,
Whose hearts were pure and true.

O! kindred souls of early years,
Whose comradeship was mine,
Whose friendship kindled me and made
All things seem more divine;

Dawn light, and afterglow, and stars
And moonlight on the sea,
And violets, and apple blooms,
Still bring you back to me.

I meet you in the woodland path,
When clover fields in June
Inspire the bobolink to sing
His most enchanting tune.

And memory recalls the day
I heard him singing here,
His love song to his happy mate,
In voice so sweet and clear.

O! had I his sweet voice I'd sing
A song to you to-night,
Of joyous hope and buoyant faith,
And love's transforming light.

But, though I do not voice the song
I would so gladly sing,
Its music in my deepest heart
Forevermore will ring.

EVE GLOW PAINTING

I LOVE to walk on a Winter eve,
When the sun has gone below,
But left behind on the western sky
His good-bye in radiant glow.

The leafless trees on the background red
On the sky trace pictures bright;
Their graceful forms in clear outline stand
In relief against the light.

On all the fields, Nature's magic tints
With artistic power the snow;—
An echo dream—a soft sea-shell pink—
Of the sky's rich afterglow.

Within my soul there are visions new
Of a glory before unknown
Of life, and God, and the universe;
And I know that I have grown.

And evermore shall these visions be
Of my soul a vital part,
And give more power earth and sky to see,
As enriched by Nature's art.

WELCOME BACK VIREO

O VIREO, upon the birch,
I'm glad it's spring.
'Twas kind of you to come again
For me to sing.

You must be very wise to know
The place to go
To get away from frosty winds
And drifting snow.

I'm glad you have a happy time,
When far away
From Winter, where the sun is warm
For you each day.

But you are kind to come in Spring
Back to me here,
That I may hear your charming song
My heart to cheer.

THE HAPPY FARMER

HAPPY is he who lives upon a farm,
Where Nature stirs his soul with kindling charm;
Where he may see the waking blush of dawn,
And looking westward when the sun has gone
May see the changing tints of red and gold
In radiant beauty on the sky unfold;
Where he the landscape wide may ever see
Stretching afar until it seems to be
Lost in the sky; and where the meadows green,
The streams, and wood-crowned hills complete the
scene.

Growing is he whose consciousness awakes,
To whom the light of Nature's message breaks;
Who with receptive soul can truly see
The beauty of each growing flower and tree;
Who, when he listens to the bobolink,
Keeps in his heart the song, and learns to think
Serenely of the joys that close at hand
Surround him, making life divinely grand;
Who, when his ploughshare turns the grass-grown sod
Believes that he a partner is with God
In making earth productive of its best
That men by him may be more fully blest;
Who, as he smells with joy the fresh, rich mould,
Thinks more of gratitude and less of gold;
Who, on a peaceful Sabbath day at noon,
Resting upon a moss-grown bank in June,
In the deep forest's sacred solitude,
Hears God's clear voice proclaim that "all is good";
Who, when he gathers in the ripened grain



From rolling upland and from fertile plain;
And when his Autumn crops are safely in,
Heaped high in storehouse, cellar, crib, and bin,
Thanks the Great Father for His bounteous store
Of these material things, but thanks Him more
For spirit visions—beauty he can see
On hillside, valley, and bright tinted tree;
And music he can hear, grand anthems of the trees
Responding to the love-kiss of the breeze;
And all the lessons of the earth and sky
That fill his soul with glow of glory high,
And kindle his true light that it may shine
To guide men upward nearer the Divine.

THE CHILDREN'S VISIT TO THE WOODS

THE children leave the busy town
And go away
Out to the woods, where, in the Spring,
They love to play.

They see the young flowers peeping up
And saying, "Here
We are, dear children, we have come
Your hearts to cheer.

"We've slept beneath the friendly leaves
All Winter through,
And now we've wakened up again
To bloom for you.

"Our friends the birds have welcomed us
With songs so sweet,
And if you'll love us, then our joy
Will be complete.

"For, if you love us, you will not
Destroy us, so
Please love us truly, then in Spring
Again we'll grow

"For you next year, and fill the woods
With beauty bright."
The children listened, then they said
"The flowers are right.

"We'll not destroy the flowers. We'll let
Them grow, and then,
Next year, when springtime comes, for us
They'll bloom again.

"God made the whole world beautiful
For us, and so
We'll love His flowers with thankful hearts,
And let them grow."

THE BEAUTIFUL WORLD

I'M glad God made the whole wide world
So beautiful and bright,
To fill the lives of girls and boys
So full of pure delight.

The trees, the flowers, the golden skies,
The hills and mountains, too,
The rivers and the ocean, He
Made beautiful for you.

The Summer, Autumn, Winter, Spring,
Each brings a rich, new kind
Of beauty for the earth and sky
That girls and boys may find.

And beauty gives new happiness
To girls and boys, if they
Will let its light shine in their lives
A little ev'ry day.

ON THE HILL IN MAY

TRY not as a bird to sing,
Or failure will bring you pain;
But let his glad song of spring
Deep down in your heart remain.

Turn not from the afterglow
Because it will soon be past;
Its beauty should richer grow
While memory's powers last.

The song and the sky of gold
Should echo and shine in you,
And ne'er can your soul grow old
If they in your heart are new.

And sweetness, and hope, and joy
Will flow as a fountain free,
And thrill you, as when a boy,
As long as you hear and see

The bird and the sunset sky,
When you at the close of day
Stood there on the hilltop high,
Soul-filled with the bliss of May.

BEAUTY, MUSIC, REVERENCE

WHATEVER is most beautiful
On earth or sky, on land or sea,
Brings joyous ecstasy to me,
And sets my vital spirit free.

The music of the happy birds;
The wind-songs from the tree crowned hill;
Ope wide the gates of Paradise,
And life becomes a glowing thrill.

The study of the universe
In rhythmic unity—one whole,
Awakes my raptured reverence,
And guides to higher growth my soul.

A REVERIE

THE beauty of the Springtime, Dick,
When all things start to grow,
Reminds me of our Springtime, Dick,
In days so long ago;
And with my spirit's eye, I see,
The waking buds of life in me.

And those great days in June, Dick,
When by the singing rills
The violets were blooming, Dick,
And clover on the hills;
They send my spirit back to see
If any flower buds bloomed in me.

In reaping time in harvest, Dick,
And in the Autumn days,
When apples red and cornfields, Dick,
Are seen through dreamy haze;
My spirit searches, where I wrought
To find the harvest I have brought.

RURAL ENGLAND

HERE'S a bit of quiet England,
Dear old land to me;
Land of beauty-hills and meadows;
Mother of the free.

Land of homes where kindly friendship,
Meets you at the door
With a welcome warm and hearty
Never known before.

Blooming flowers along the roadside,
And in garden plot,
Beautify the King's grand palace,
And the poor man's cot.

Bridges built to last forever,
Where the rivers flow;
Winding roadways smooth and rock-hard
Ev'ry where you go.

Strong as bridges, firm as road beds,
Are her sons so true;
Ever at the call of freedom
Duty they will do.

Sweet and beautiful as flowers,
Are their daughters fair;
Yet as dauntless as their brothers,
In the day of care.

THE PRETTY BLUEBIRDS

PRETTY bluebirds I remember
You were richly dressed;
Royal blue for coat and head dress;
Red upon your breast.

Often have I watched you bringing
Food for babies dear;
Often seen them raise their heads up,
When they heard you near;

Each one crying "feed me, mother;
Quickly mother mine!
I am hungry for my dinner!
Thank you, worms are fine."

Once I found one of your babies
On the ground below,
He was lost and could not climb up,
Where he ought to go.

So I went and got a ladder
Though a little boy;—
When I put him in the nest, you
Sang a song of joy.

MERRY BLUE JAY

MANY a time, when a little lad
In the deep woods at play,
Out of the tree tops I heard your song,
Beautiful, dear blue jay.

Shrill was your call, but I loved it well,
Loud, and resounding clear;
Ever to me its great message was,
"Sing, little lad, and cheer."

Often I sit in the grand old woods
On a log, and listen yet,
Hoping to hear your clear bugle song
Whose tones I won't forget.

Closing my eyes in a sweet day dream,
Then a blue gleam I see
Flit through the branches and hear "jay! jay!"
Up in the tall elm tree.

IN A SAIL BOAT

MAY has just begun
And the rising sun
Lights the sea;
Waves are rolling high,
Purple is the sky;
Come with me.

Through our sails the light
From the sun shines bright
Yellow, red;
Like a fairy boat
Each cloud seems to float
Overhead.

Rainbows on the spray
Welcome in the day
With smeeet smiles.
Blow, ye west winds, blow!
Swiftly let us go
Past the isles.

Gulls will follow near,
Screaming when we cheer,
As we fly.
We will shout "Yo, ho!"
As we faster go,
You and I.

THE SONG OF THE LARK

SHE hears the lark's grand music
At dawningtime in the Spring,
When on her way to labor,
And stops to hear him sing.

High on the sky she sees him,
While from his little throat
Pours a sweet morning message
In each inspiring note;

And though unlearned she listens
To what his song reveals,
And in her heart's deep centre
A rare new joy she feels,

That fills her life with wonder
And reverent delight;
That lightens her hard labor
And makes her dull face bright.

TO THE NIGHT HAWK

WEIRD spirit of the twilight
Soaring so high,
There is no sound of sweetness
In your wild cry.

Yet in your witching message
I hear a tone
That brings the heart of Nature
Close to my own.

I heard your loud call standing
By mother's knee,
Pierce through the low, sweet music
She sang to me.

I heard your note in boyhood
Above the trees;
When life began revealing
Its mysteries.

I heard you in the gloaming
That night in June,
When first my heart was kindled
By love's sweet tune.

So vision follows vision
In dreams sublime;
When to your cry I listen
At eventime.

THE LOVES OF A LITTLE GIRL

DEAR GRANDPA, I will write and tell
The charming things I love so well.

I love the flowers, the ferns, the trees;

I love the hum of busy bees.

I love the bobolink's sweet tune,

I love the clover fields in June;

I love the sky when sun sinks low

And paints the West in afterglow;

I love the twinkling stars at night;

I love the moon's soft dreamy light;

I love the sunny days in Spring

That start the growth of ev'rything;

I love to walk beside the sea

When summer breezes blow on me;

I love to hear the ocean's roar

When waves beat high upon the shore;

I love to see in Autumn days

The red leaved maples all ablaze;

I love the Christmas time, when I

May have a Christmas tree, and try

To find some little girl who's sad,

And help to make her life more glad;

I love the clouds that float on high

And make grand pictures on the sky;

I love the mountains as they rise

Above the clouds to kiss the skies;

I love my playmates, girls and boys,

And share with them our many joys;

I love to live, for every day

I'm happy at my work and play;

I love my mother, father, too,

And, grandpa, dear, I sure love you.

WHERE SKIES ARE WIDE

OUT for a ride in an old-time sleigh
On Christmas day,
Over the beautiful shining snow!
Let's drive away;

Far in the country where skies are wide,
And life is free;
Where on the hilltop the afterglow
We'll stop to see.

In the grand forest of singing pines
We'll slowly drive
Through the vast temple shrines; thanking God
We are alive.

Speaking no words though our hearts be filled
With peace and joy;
Dreaming of days, when so long ago
Each was a boy.

Then in the light of the moon and stars
We'll homeward go,
And in my heart I will feel the warmth
Of your love glow,

Kindling the best in my deepest soul,
And making clear
Paths that lead upward, where I should climb
This glad New Year.

WONDERING

WONDERING how the sun rose
To make the day;
Wondering where at sunset
He went away.

Wondering why the Winter
Brought ice and snow;
Wondering how the Springtime
Made all things grow.

Wondering why the Summer
Had long, hot days;
Wondering at the Autumn
With golden haze.

Wondering where the maples
Got colors gay;
Wondering why the wind blew
The leaves away.

Wondering at the lightning
On rolling cloud;
Wondering at the crashing
Of thunder loud.

Wondering why the stars were
So clear and bright;
Wondering why the moon changed
Her form at night.

Wondering why the hills were
So grandly high;
Wondering why the clouds sailed
Across the sky.

Wondering at the beauty
Of tree and flower;
Wondering at the marvels
Of Nature's power.

Wondering at the honor
God gave to man;
Wondering till my wonder
Revealed God's plan.

THE LARK

THE lark in the morning,
Poised in the sky
Sends sweet songs of glory
Down from on high.

With heart full of rapture,
Music divine,
He pours from his heart depths
Down into mine.

He sings to his lover
True on her nest,
"Of life's greatest blessings,
You are the best."

He welcomes the dawn time's
Opalesque light,
And sings his joy anthem
To sunrise bright.

Then with his heart swelling
With gratitude,
He praises the Father
For all things good.

O, triumphant singer!
Type of the free,
Joy's best interpreter
Sing on to me.

Kindle humanity;
Help them to be,
When truth's dawn comes to them,
Joyous and free.

Teach them to struggle on
Though dark the night;
And sing hope's triumph song,
When they see light.

EVENING IN MY GLEN

HERE in the woods below the mill,
Deep in the shady glen,
The moss-grown log is waiting still
To welcome me again.
The loving wood thrush to his mate
Sings near me on the hill;
While from the sky at heaven's gate
I hear the whippoorwill.
The red light shimmers through the trees
And glistens on the stream;
The ferns are bowing in the breeze;
I sit and fondly dream
Of sixty years ago, when I
Last sat beneath this birch
And saw those hemlocks reach the sky
To form my childhood's church.
I smell the fragrance in the air,
Sweet as it used to be,
The flowers I loved are just as fair
As when with fancy free
I felt my waking soul respond
To Nature's kindling glow,
And in my life new purpose dawned,
As faith began to grow.
And in this peaceful twilight hour
Old visions come again,
And with increased enkindling power
They glorify the glen.
I hear the rush of angel wings
With messages for me;
And each new message to me brings
Bright dreams of days to be.

YOUR SANCTUARY

EACH spot of earth may be
A sacred shrine,
Where you may feel the glow
Of love divine,
Into your kindled heart
With clear light shine.

In the deep valley green
Or on the hill;
When the loud thunder roars,
Or all is still,
Worship and you may learn
The Father's will.

Out on the rolling sea,
Or on the land,
Listen, and you may hear
His music grand.
Worship in silence—He
Will understand.

A MAY DAY RIDE

WHEN I called you "my big daddy,"
And you called me "your wee boy";
Once I rode upon your shoulders
Glowing with the world's new joy,

When the buds awoke in Springtime
And began to dress the trees,
And the warblers' merry music
Floated to us on the breeze,

Till it mingled with the echoes
Of the hemlocks' grand amen,
While we watched the ferns unfolding,
Near the streamlet in the glen;

When I rode along the valley
With green hills on either side,
Where the beauty of the flowers
All the lowlands glorified;

When marshmarigolds were yellow;
And the trilliums red and white;
And the bloodroots, queens of Springtime,
Held their faces to the light;

When the thorns had snowy blossoms,
And the violets were blue;
Then my heart grew big with loving
All the glory, dad, and you.

And the glory never leaves me
For the flowers still are mine,
And each year I know more surely
That their message is divine.

And through all the years, dear daddy,
As I stray in springtime bowers,
I recall my waking heart glow
That May day among the flowers.

COME TO THE WOODS WITH ME

COME to the woods with me
Away, away,
Far from your city home
This Autumn day.

Leaves on the maple trees
Yellow and red,
Hang in rare beauty there
High overhead.

Some, when their work is done,
Fall floating down
Making a carpet there
Red, yellow, brown.

There we will walk to find
A quiet seat;
Rustling the fallen leaves
Under our feet.

There we will see the blue
Peep through the trees,
And the bright leaf-birds fly
Off with the breeze.

There in the solitude
We'll sit and dream,
Till in our hearts we feel
Glory supreme.

Then when our hearts are full
Of Nature's glow,
Happy, when eve-time comes
Home we will go;

And on the bridge we'll stand
To see the stream
On its calm breast reflect
The sky's red gleam.

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